



7-7-1904

The Independent, V. 30, Thursday, July 7, 1904, [Whole Number: 1514]

The Independent

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THE REV. MR. DINSMORE

By ROB McHEYNE

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Scroggsfield was to have a new minister. The whole village was interested, for, although there were several churches in the little hamlet, this was the first new minister to appear in a whole generation.

The deacons' committee had divided on the subject, some favoring a young man and some an older and wiser head, but Brother Williams had turned the scale by threatening to withdraw his subscription unless a young and "progressive" man should be called.

Accordingly after much lobbying on the part of the Ladies' Aid society it was announced that the Rev. Mr. Dinsmore, a young student of divinity, had been selected and that he would occupy the pulpit the following Sunday.

Saturday morning came, and as the new minister had not yet put in his appearance the village was on the alert. He would surely come that day.

They were not disappointed. When the 11:30 train pulled into the depot a stranger stepped off and presented himself as the ticket holder.

He was a most affable young man and was jauntily dressed.

"Good morning," he said, and he put such an emphasis on the first word that it sounded almost like a chant.

Miss Williams, the operator, looked up from her lunch and quickly slipped a half eaten egg into her apron pocket.

"Can you tell me, madam," said the gentleman, smiling, "everything I want to know about this historic and progressive city of Scroggsfield?"

"I—I—why, yes, sir, I think so, if you please, sir," she stammered, quite overcome.

"Well, that's lucky for me," the stranger exclaimed enthusiastically. "Now, if you will," he continued, "just tell me

"What?" cried the six, starting to their feet.

"Dinsmore," said the stranger faintly.

"Then who are you?" demanded Deacon Williams of the first stranger.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen—my card," and the speaker graciously presented one to each of the deacons.

"J. P. Rowser, Esquire," he went on proudly, "representing the greatest lightning rod establishment in the world. I tell you, gentlemen, your magnificent building is in eternal danger from the fierce and vengeful ravages of—"

But the committee were busily engaged shaking hands with each other and with the Rev. Mr. Dinsmore.

Savage and Civilized Dress. Writing of "Savage and Civilized Dress," Edwin Swift Balch says that, while it might be assumed that the superior development of the brain of civilized man would result in some form of dress far better and more tasteful than anything found among savages, it may be doubted whether this is the case.

One marked error of civilized dress is its interference with the proper ventilation of the skin. The human animal breathes with his entire skin. Refuse matter is thrown off as perspiration through every pore. The fact is well known, but in the garments of civilization it is almost universally unrecognized. Savages remedy this defect in the most curious deformity achieved by civilized people is produced in their feet by means of the civilized shoe. A medical officer asserts that a large proportion of the volunteers for the United States army have to be rejected on account of imperfect feet. Savages, people do not distort their feet. They wear sandals or moccasins or fur boots, but their footgear always conforms to and does not have to be broken in by the foot.

The Gad Whip. A quaint custom of very old date was observed until 1845 in the parish of Colster, Lincolnshire, England. A representative of the estate of Broughton came into the church porch during the reading of the first lesson and three times cracked a gad whip, which he folded neatly up. He then retired to the vestry, where the reading of the second lesson approached the minister with the whip held upright and fixed to its upper end a purse containing thirty pieces of silver.

The precise origin of the custom is uncertain. There is reference no doubt to the gospel story in the thirty pieces of silver, and there may be some connection with the ancient custom of the "broccation of the ass," another Palm Sunday observance of the early church, in the whip.

The term "gad whip" has puzzled British antiquaries, but it is probably akin to the "gad" used in the time of Burns for driving horses—London Express.

They Were Orphans. "What a monstrous suffer you are, Phibbs," said Dibs. "You said this was an orphan asylum, instead of which it is an old men's home."

"Well, you are in and look for an old man who isn't an orphan. You won't find him."

Deaf Revenge. Watts—Does your wife ever scold when you have been out late at night? Potts—Oh, no; she never says a word! She gets up the next morning about 4 o'clock and practices on the piano, and I don't say a word.

How, Indeed? Aunt Hattie—You shouldn't clean your nails in company, Tommy. Tommy—If I nobody sees me clean 'em, how is anybody to know they are even cleaned?—Boston Transcript.

Very Hard. "Of course a horseshoe always means luck."

"Oh, yes, and if the horse passes it up to you behind your back it means hard luck!"—Exchange.

Echoes in large rooms may sometimes be prevented by hanging heavy tapestry on the walls.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9 a. m.; 7 to 9 p. m. Keystone Phone No. 17.

E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9 a. m.; 10 to 8 p. m.

S. B. HORNING, M. D.,
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Architect and Civil Engineer,
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ELTON'S
WEATHER
REPORT
By LESLIE W. QUIRK
Copyright, 1904, by Leslie W. Quirk

When the managing editor of the Collegeville News opened his paper at breakfast one morning and looked for the weather report he found in its place a modest notice stating that the circulation of the News was the largest of any paper in the city. Now, this fact was interesting to the managing editor, but it was not what he wanted to read. He was looking for the prophecy of the weather bureau, which was telegraphed each night from a neighboring city.

The managing editor allowed his steak to grow cold while he searched the paper. But nowhere in it, from the top of the first column on the front

"I've been a fool," he repeated to the girl, "a poor, blind fool. If you will only forgive me I'll—"

She cried a little very softly on his shoulder, and then, with the prophesied rain patterning outside, he slipped a ring on her finger, and they fell to talking of the something when there should be a little cottage with a bit of green and maybe a dog.

When the managing editor took up his paper the next morning he neglected to scan the weather report until he had read some strong editorials, which struck him as very excellent. He smiled complacently at the forcible words and turned to the weather report.

His face grew very white. "Southernly winds," he read, "and fair weather forevermore."

The ancient Chinese believed that music was of divine origin and that it was a gift from the gods to man. Ancient Chinese instruments are of very great workmanship. There is a small violin called *er-hsien*, which is made of dark wood, the head covered with snakeskin. It is not ornamented with any carved or inlaid designs, but it is polished very smooth. There are only two silken strings, tuned in fifths and played on with a horsehair bow. A three string banjo, also covered with snakeskin, has a long neck, the top of which is made of wood. There are also a very ingenious mouth organ called *ti-tzu*. The body is made of wood, and in it are inserted seventeen pipes. The notes are made by stopping the holes in the pipes with the fingers.

The Chinese are very fond of drums, which they call *ku*. The oldest drums were of baked clay, with a skin head stretched on with nails instead of braided cords, which made it impossible to tune them as modern drums are tuned. The variations of tone were regulated only by the force of the blow.

Ingratitude. A congressman from a northern state was complaining to a colleague of the political inactivity of a number of his constituents whom he had been influential in placing in public offices.

"There is no use talking," he said, "this civil service business is a humbug. I named four or five fellows for good jobs, and as soon as they got warm in their seats they snapped their fingers at me. They felt that they were protected by the civil service and made up their minds to lay down and not do any work."

"That's nothing to a fellow that I had appointed," said the other man, who hailed from one of the western states. "He was worse than any of your fellows."

"Why, what did he do?" inquired the northerner.

"Do?" was the indignant reply. "Harding was hurt. He ignored the fellow's fingers and strode angrily toward her mother, who was approaching from the other end of the wide, comfortable veranda. Madeline's smile was enigmatic. She gazed at the big, broad shouldered figure towering above her mother and openly disdainful at his whispered command on leaving.

"Don't tell your mother. She's unselfish enough to care."

Mrs. Rives looked at Madeline disapprovingly as Harding tramped angrily down the long walk.

"Why will you persist in quarreling with Dufcan?" she rebuked gently. "No brother could be kinder."

"I don't like parsons," said Madeline shortly. "It does him good to be disagreed with once in awhile and to lose his temper. He should be grateful to me, and—"

"He's not," countered her mother impatiently. She shook her head sadly. She had hoped things would be different between Dufcan and Madeline. As day after day passed and Dufcan did not come she was truly angry with her willful daughter.

But the girl had never seemed so happy. She was like a blithe song bird with her bubbling spirits and gaiety. And when, after a week's absence, Dufcan did appear, she greeted even him with a smile of alluring sweetness.

"You think I'm going away," he said bitterly as Mrs. Rives left them together. "You're rejoicing too soon. Some one has loaned me \$1,000. Who it is the Lord only knows. It came three days ago, ten \$100 bills, with a typewritten note saying: 'Accept this loan from a friend. You can repay it with legal interest when you feel amply able to do so. I will disclose my self then; I cannot do so now.'"

"And you have no idea?" she asked wonderingly. "Perhaps it was Mercer himself. He may want to repay good for the evil he has done you. Even wicked folks are penitent—sometimes."

"But selfish ones are never generous," he retorted. "You—yes, you were glad of my misfortune. You thought it would rid you of me and my preachment. Don't you know, Madeline, I reproach you only for your own good?"

"If I were as selfish as you think me," she said seriously, "for my own good" might prove efficacious. It's hard to be unselfish when folks perpetually insist upon holding the thought 'for my own good.' If it were only for some one else's good I might—"

The tenderness in her voice disarmed him. "I wish we could be good friends," he said gently and took her slender hands in his. Something strange in this touch made him unclasp his fingers. He stared dumbly for a moment, then—

"Where are your rings, Madeline?" he cried sharply.

"I'm tired of wearing them," she faltered. "Mr. Ross said my hands were too beautiful to need adornment." And she laughed gayly. Harding gazed intently at the flushed face.

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"Is that your affair?" she asked imperiously.

"Yes," he said tensely. "If it. If you have sold them for me it means—"

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"Then—then that's why I was always so cross with you too," she cried, with sudden understanding.

He gathered her in his arms. "It was our selfishness," he said humbly. "Ours" not mine alone, this time, Dufcan, you truly do love me!"

Rapturously he kissed the pretty fingers.

"My unselfish darling," he murmured. "But it was selfishness," she cried hurriedly. "I didn't want you to go."

"I don't mind that sort of selfishness, my precious," he said.

Mother Elephant and Her Baby.
A remarkably intelligent elephant working a few years ago on a new highway in Ceylon laid down beside which she was devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable.

Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her and escaped into the forest.

One night about ten days after her escape the officer who had been in charge of her went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in a jungle at some distance.

As he and his native attendant were returning early in the morning the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim gray light an elephant in the act of making her way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees, and when the elephants had passed the native insisted that the older one was her first friend the inconsolable mother.

When they reached the camp they found that the trunk had returned and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed or stolen in her absence.

Her good temper and usual docility returned at once, and her owner blessed the good fortune which had enabled her to procure a baby elephant.

Men Who Buy Money.
"There are many men who smoke cigars at \$2 each," said the cigar man in a downtown restaurant much patronized by customers who do not have to worry about the cost of their luncheon, "but we have to keep expensive men in mind when they are called for. It is usually by a couple of old chums who are lurching together after a long parting who are feeling good and who want a heavy smoke after a liberal meal. As a matter of fact, most men think they are burning money when they pay \$1 for a cigar. Sixty cents for one cigar and from that down to three for 50 cents is considered about the right thing. We sell a good many cigars at 35 cents each, and three for \$1. In fact, they are the standard thing in high priced cigars. Occasionally a customer will buy a box of two dollar cigars or even more expensive than that for a birthday present or to send to some friend going to Europe. These cigars are made only by skilled workmen and represent the highest perfection in cigar making."—New York Times.

A Full Menagerie of Names.
A story is told of a Cherokee woman who married six times and never got out of the animal line. When she was a girl she was known as Miss Mollie Panther. She married an Indian named Coon, and when that gentleman was transferred to the happy hunting ground she soon became Mrs. Fox. The Fox did not last always, and when

some slips of paper with various weather conditions written on them are blown new on continuously. It said, "Rain today; colder."

The managing editor read the next morning and wondered if it were really. It was not. All day a warm wind blew gently from the south, and a blue sky and a hot sun smiled genially.

Three nights later the message failed again, and young Elton guessed it would be fair. The next day the great ruin of the season poured down from early morning till late at night.

Young Elton's face was beginning to grow careworn. In desperation he went to the girl and told her the whole story.

"So far my guesses have been all wrong," he confessed. "Now, I have a plan that certainly deserves success. It's simple, you understand. I am going to drop in and see you for a minute or two each evening about dinner time, if I may, and I shall gauge my guesses by your demeanor. If you are very cordial I shall say the next day will be clear. If you are not so glad to see me I shall prophesy cloudy weather. If I find you bored by my visits the report will say rain. Do you understand?"

The girl did, and though she suggested the possibility of fair weather every day young Elton decided to try the plan. He grinned cheerfully and went back to the office and wrote the report. "Fair today, with southerly winds." And, although the Times proclaimed rain, the next day was cloudy and warm.

It was very clear for a week, during which time young Elton was called upon to guess the weather conditions several times. The rival paper seemed to be steadily wrong, and the managing editor of the News took it upon himself to write a little editorial on the subject, repeating the reports of the two papers in parallel columns. The reporters slapped young Elton on the back and told him he should try the races.

Then one night something went awry at the girl's house. It was only a trivial thing in itself, but it lowered the spirits of both. The paper promised cloudy weather, and all the next day ugly, black clouds gloomed.

The little quarrel was over by the next night, but the conversation was strained. A few evenings later the girl happened to mention another man who was not young Elton's idea of a fit companion for a woman. He said so very frankly, and the girl disappeared.

The weather report read, "Rain today." For twenty-four hours the water poured down unceasingly.

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THE INDEPENDENT

Published Every Thursday.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1904.

THE words of kindness and tenderness recently addressed to an obstreperous character by Editor Thomas, of the Bristol Gazette, furnishes another illustration of the compatibility of charity and journalistic effort.

If the Democratic National Convention succeeds in effectually relegating Mr. Bryan to the rear and in sealing the doom of his influence in behalf of a rule or ruin policy, it will have accomplished a great work.

THE Danish steamer Norge, loaded with 700 Danish and Norwegian emigrants bound for New York, struck on the islet of Rockall, some 290 miles off the west coast of Scotland, Sunday, and was sunk. It is estimated that over 600 lives were lost.

THE National Prohibition Convention at Indianapolis, Ind., Thursday, nominated Rev. Dr. Silas C. Swallow, of Harrisburg, Pa., for President of the United States. Geo. W. Carroll, of Texas, was nominated for Vice President. On account of the illness of his wife, Dr. Swallow has not decided to accept the nomination tendered him.

THE presence of so many strangers in town Sunday and Monday may be accepted as renewed evidence of the steadily increasing popularity of this section of the Perkiomen Valley as a centre of attraction in summer time for people who reside in Philadelphia and Norristown. In the course of time these visitations will lead to the building of summer homes as well as permanent residences in the Valley of the Perkiomen.

THE Democratic National Convention is in session at St. Louis. At this writing the indications are that Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, will be nominated for President. The successful candidate for Vice President will probably be George E. Turner, of Washington. Mr. Bryan will not be able to exert much influence upon the Convention. He made an effort to further the interests of Robert E. Pattison as a Presidential candidate, whereupon the Pennsylvania delegation decided to support Judge Parker on the first ballot.

It would seem, after all, that the despised Chinaman has within him a strong disposition to extend a helping hand to those of other nationalities in distress. Read on: The New York Chinese contributed \$657 to the relief fund for sufferers by the Slocum disaster. Their committee carried to the City Hall three bags of dollar bills, labeled respectively, "Pell street," "Mott street," and "Doyer street," and in the absence of the Mayor left them with a police sergeant, without speech-making or other formality. No race has a monopoly of the finer sensibilities of mankind. This fact should never be forgotten or overlooked.

THE State Dairy and Food Commission, and the Department of Public Health and Charities of Philadelphia, have instituted a vigorous crusade against the traffic in poisoned or "doctored" milk in Philadelphia. Thirty-four warrants were issued in one day, last week. Tests showed that an alarming percentage of milk sold in that city is impure—"doctored" with formaldehyde and poisonous coloring matter. The attention of Dairy and Food Commissioner Warren was called to the matter by representatives of different granges, farmers' clubs and dairymen in Chester, Bucks, Delaware and Montgomery counties. He has been given ample proof that even the refuse milk, which heretofore had been sold to farmers for 10 cents per 40-gallon can, and which was fed to swine, is being gobbled up by dealers at a higher price, and, after being doctored up with water, annatto (a poisonous substitute for the fatty substance of milk), coal tar coloring matter and other injurious adulterations, is sold in that market as pure milk. Let the crusade proceed. In the name of justice let every wretch found guilty of "doctoring" refuse milk and selling the same to the public be sent to jail. Such villainy deserves the most summary and severe punishment.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30, 1904.

Who is to be Theodore Roosevelt's competitor in the national race of November? The White House Sphinx is propounding these conundrums to the St. Louis Edipus: Is it to be Parker and Wall? or Hearst and McLean? or Cleveland and Folk? or Olney and Gorman? It is obvious to all that during the last fortnight two names have assumed a prominence which was not to be anticipated a month ago: Cleveland and Folk. A good many Democrats still declare that they would not vote for the "Sage of Princeton" under any circumstances but, on the other hand, a good many conservative Republicans sincerely think that his is a name to conjure with. Joseph W. Folk has leaped from obscurity into national fame during the last six months, and this very week has been wrenched from a member of the Missouri Legislature a confession involving some hundreds of official criminals and not less than a million dollars in bribes to purchase legislation. This St. Louis corruption seems to be as bad as New York or Philadelphia and a far more comprehensive piece of criminality than the "grafts" of Minneapolis and Grand Rapids. The exposure seems to be entirely due to the persistent and unwearied investigations of Folk. Both Cleveland and Folk decline the distinguished promotion and declare with all vehemence and some of the emphatic language of Cannon that they will have nothing to do with it. But the American people are fond of men who decline the Presidency.

Mayor McClellan has also come to the front noticeably during the last week; and if, as alleged, Tammany is unanimously behind him, it will be a matter to be reckoned with when the convention meets next Wednesday. McClellan is only thirty-eight years old and is handicapped by having been born in Dresden, Germany, while General McClellan and his wife were there on a visit. The courts might, of course, decide that he was a "natural born citizen," but it would be somewhat risky to elect him either president or vice-president.

Lieutenant-General Miles would most politely and respectfully decline a nomination at the hands of the Prohibitionists, because he thinks it might be in the way of his favorable consideration at St. Louis; but a good many Democrats are still talking about him as one of the foremost of the eligibles, a man who would poll an enthusiastic anti-imperialist vote and perhaps carry Massachusetts, and would make a strong appeal to the G. A. R. Well, when I write you again, we shall know what has happened.

Your correspondent yesterday had a chat with Dr. Harvey W. Wiley at his office in the Department of Agriculture, where he is now inaugurating an investigation into the effects of cold storage upon articles of food. The Dr. has concluded his investigation of food preservatives and coloring matters in food to determine their relation to digestion and health. The bulletin giving the result is now in press and will prove a valuable addition to hygienic knowledge.

The effect of cold storage, sterilization, etc., upon human health has never been investigated; it is a new

and inviting field, much needing exploration since the practice of putting all kinds of food into cold storage is almost universal and on the increase.

"This is not of our initiative," said Dr. Wiley, "it is at the request of Congress."

"Yes," I replied, "I was in the Senate when Senator Stewart moved to amend the Pure Food bill by adding an inquiry into the effects of cold storage."

"We are working in cooperation with the cold storage people," continued Dr. Wiley, "and I find them broad-minded, intelligent men, anxiously interested to know the limits of the business. I mean to go to the bottom and get all the facts. There must be somewhere a line drawn between where cold storage is beneficial and where it is harmful. I have never said, as reported, that meat could be kept in cold storage for a year. Possibly game may have been. Fish should always be eaten as soon as possible after being taken from the water. Up to a certain point cold storage improves beef and fruit, especially apples; the beef ripens and becomes more tender. But if kept beyond a certain point it deteriorates, and when taken out is subject to decay much quicker."

"What?" I asked "do you think of putting poultry into cold storage before it has been drawn, then exposing it for sale in the market, putting it back again, and so repeating the process indefinitely, allowing it to thaw and refreeze until at last it has been sold? I have seen such in the Washington market."

"That must be very bad," replied the Doctor. "I shall investigate that matter, too; we will serve to our boarders cold storage poultry drawn and undrawn, and try to discover the difference."

"What about butter in cold storage, Dr.?"

"Butter can never be improved; it is always best when fresh from the churn. It is put in cold storage simply to keep it for a better market and to check chemical changes which have a tendency to make it rancid. But in cold storage butter will not change so much in three months as it might in a week under unfavorable conditions outside. Cold storage is a godsend to all dealers in perishable food; the point is not to carry it too far."

"I asked the Doctor if his recommended summer diet of rice, potatoes and sugar was not rather too highly concentrated for perfect health."

"Of course," he replied, "one must eat a proper quantity of fruit and vegetables. But one can hardly call potatoes concentrated food, with only twenty per cent of solid matter. One can hardly eat too much of them. I think we Americans overeat. Especially do we eat too much meat, and I said this before meat was high too. Look at the Japanese, who live largely on rice and eat much less food than we do, yet they fight. Succulent fresh vegetables and well ripened fruits should constitute the principal summer diet, and ice-water and iced beverages should all be sipped slowly if taken at all."

THE CATALPA TREE.

From the Scientific American.

How a forest of extremely valuable timber may be grown in a score of years, and made a source of profit within six to eight years, will be demonstrated in an interesting exhibit at the World's Fair. This exhibit will be made under the auspices of the International Society of Arboriculture. John P. Brown, secretary and treasurer of the association, has consulted with the chiefs of departments at the World's Fair and has made all arrangements.

That particular variety of the catalpa tree known as Speciosa will be the basis for this exhibit, and the great value and adaptability of this wood will be shown in all form. The catalpa is indigenous to the Wabash bottom lands in Illinois and Indiana, but may be grown in any section of the United States. The tree is known nearly everywhere, but its great value is just beginning to be understood. Nearly every boy knows the tree because of the long and slender seed pod, which when dried burns much like tobacco, and is often known as the "lady cigars."

It is the worth of the timber, and its marvelously quick growth, that is destined to solve the problem of future railroad building, and furnish a supply of lumber for all purposes.

In the World's Fair exhibit a section of railroad will be built showing the adaptability of catalpa timber for ties. Old ties, that have been in use for thirty two years, and not yet showing any signs of decay, will be shown. When it is shown that the average life of an oak tie is seven years, the catalpa's value on this line is demonstrated. There will be telegraph and telephone poles that have been in use as long, and fence posts will be exhibited that can be proven to have been in use for one hundred years.

Not alone for these purposes is the wood of the catalpa valuable. A prominent Dayton, O., car-building plant will exhibit a section of a palace car, all of the timber of which, inside and out, are of catalpa wood. The timber possesses all of the requirements for such work, being strong and susceptible to a fine finish.

The Arboriculture Society's exhibit will not stop with showing the varied uses to which the lumber from the catalpa tree may be

put, but it will show how the catalpa forests may be grown anywhere within a very few years. The seeds are planted in good, rich garden soil, and in a short while they spring up. The young shoots should be transplanted within a year, for the roots reach out in every direction, and the best results are obtained from early transplanting. The trees should be set out in spaces of eight feet in either direction. The growth is exceedingly rapid, being uniformly one inch in diameter for each year. At the end of the sixth year the trees have attained a diameter of six inches. Then it is best for the trees to thin them out, cutting down each alternate row, and then each alternate tree in the rows that remain. This leaves the trees standing sixteen feet apart.

The trees that are cut may be used for posts and ties, and then the forests yield a fair return during the thinning process. "Pole ties" from oak trees are practically valueless, because of the sap in the later years' growth of the tree. The wood that contains the sap soon decays, and this contaminates the rest of the timber. There is practically no sap in the catalpa and "pole ties" from this wood last an indefinite number of years.

After the thinning out process, the growth of the tree continues at the uniform rate of one inch in diameter each, and catalpa trees at eighteen years old often reach as high as one hundred feet, thus yielding a large return of splendid lumber.

Among the large railroad systems to recognize the importance of tree planting in order to guarantee a supply of ties for the future is the Illinois Central. At a point near Du Quoin, Ill., two hundred thousand catalpa trees were planted three years ago, when President Stuyvesant Fish became interested in the work of the Arboriculture Society. These trees are thriving now, and in a few years, when the thinning-out process begins, many of the ties in the Illinois Central Railroad will be cut from this forest created in the heart of the vast Illinois prairie. The same road is planting similar forests in Mississippi, and contemplates the establishment of others.

A 63-MILE FENCE.

According to the Kansas City Journal, one of the longest fences in the Northwest is being constructed, running entirely around the Lower Brule Indian Reservation, on the Missouri River, in the central portion of South Dakota. This remarkable fence will be sixty-three miles in length. It is composed of four wires placed on posts set a rod apart, cedar and ash posts alternating. In its construction 250 miles of wire will be used, or 76,000 pounds. To erect the fence required an aggregate of 19,000 posts. In this long fence there will be only three gateways, which will be guarded when the fence is completed. The fence is being constructed by the Indians themselves under the direction of the agency authorities, the Indians receiving \$2.50 per day for man and team and \$1.25 per day for men. It is understood that next spring the government will issue stock cattle to the Indians, to be grazed inside this huge inclosure, the purpose of the government being to encourage the Indians in stock-raising so they can ultimately support themselves.

A CHICAGO EXAMPLE FOR ELSEWHERE.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Woman has already demonstrated her ability as a street cleaner. She has shamed the sterner sex by delivering whole wards from their burden of filth. When lazy man could not be hired to sweep dirty alleys she has grabbed a broom and made the dirt fly. To the extent of her physical strength she has aided in the campaign of cleanliness, not only directing the sweepers and disbursing funds raised for that purpose, but going personally into the abodes of filth and assisting in the cleaning process.

Having shown her ability in this direction, she may easily become a power in the fight against the smoke nuisance. And the way to exert that power is through organization. It is gratifying, therefore, to note the success of the movement by the University of Chicago Settlement Woman's Club to enlist all the women's clubs in a war of extermination against soot. These neighborhood clubs, organized for other purposes, represent potential centres of civic force and influence. Many of these clubs have already organized back yards and alleys.

A PAUSE IN THE PRAYER.

"If I should die 'fore I wake," said Donny, kneeling at grandmother's knee, "I should die 'fore I wake—"

"I pray," prompted the gentle voice. "Go on, Donny."

"Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying downstairs. In a brief space he was back again, dropped down in his place, and took up his petition where he had left it. But when the little white gown was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke concerning the interruption.

"But I did think what I was sayin', grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see I'd upset Ted's menagerie, and stood all just to see how he'd turn round in the mornin'." But if I should die 'fore I wake, why—I didn't want him to

find 'em that way, so I had to go down and fix 'em right. There's lots of things that seem funny if you're goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you wake."

"That was right, dear; it was right," commended the voice, with its tender quaver. "A good many of our prayers wouldn't be hurt by stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong."

When bilious take Cham elain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by Joseph W. Culbert, Collegeville, M. T. Hanksler, Rahm Station, and at Edward Brownback's Store, Trappe.

COUNTY TREASURER'S NOTICES.

In pursuance to an Act of Assembly approved March 17, 1888, and supplementary Acts thereto, the Treasurer of Montgomery County will meet the Taxpayers of said county at the following named times and places for the purpose of receiving the State, County and Dog Taxes for year 1904, assessed in their respective districts, viz:

Township of Frederick, East District, at the public house of Samuel E. Hughes, Thursday, July 7, from 10 to 12 a. m.
Township of Port Deposit, at the public house of James H. Carver, Friday, July 8, from 7 to 9 a. m.
Borough of Schuylkill, at the public house of Wm. F. A. Titus, Friday, July 8, from 10 to 11 a. m.
Township of Schuylkill, at the public house of Wm. F. A. Titus, Friday, July 8, from 1 to 3 p. m.
Township of Meriden, Lower District, at the public house of Frank Shuck, Monday, July 11, from 7 to 9 a. m.
Township of Meriden, Upper District, at the public house of Charles E. Kneale, Monday, July 11, from 1 to 3 p. m.
Township of Harford, at the public house of J. K. Halliwell, Tuesday, July 12, from 8:30 to 11 a. m.
Borough of Hattori, at the public house of John T. Wood, Tuesday, July 12, from 12:30 to 3 p. m.
Township of Abington, Lower District and Borough of Harford, at the public house of Wm. Laville, Wednesday, July 13, from 8 to 11 a. m.
Township of Cheltenham, Upper and Lower East Districts, at the public house of Alfred Tyson, Wednesday, July 13, from 1 to 3 p. m.
Borough of Jenkintown, at the public house of J. C. Cottman, Thursday, July 14, from 8 a. m. to 10:30 a. m.
Township of Cheltenham, West, First, Second and Third Districts, at the public house of R. Clayton, Friday, July 15, from 8:30 to 11:30 a. m.
Township of Abington and Walden Districts, at the public house of S. Crowder, Friday, July 15, from 1 to 3 p. m.
Township of Salford, at the public house of Kober Bros., Monday, July 18, from 8 to 10:30 a. m.
Township of Upper Salford, at the public house of S. N. Smith, Monday, July 18, from 1 to 3:30 p. m.
Township of Marlborough, at the public house of Samuel Barst, Tuesday, July 19, from 8 to 11:30 a. m.
Borough of Oradell, at the public house of J. W. S. Gross, July 19, from 1 to 3:30 p. m.
Borough of East, Oradell and Township of Upper Harver, Third District, at the public house of Harvey E. Worley, Wednesday, July 20, from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.
Township of Upper Harver, Second District, at the public house of John H. Harting, Thursday, July 21, from 7:30 to 9:30 a. m.
Borough of Red Hill, at the public house of Wm. B. Bergey, on Thursday, July 21, from 9 a. m. to 11 a. m.
Borough of Pennsburg and Upper Harver, at the public house of Charles G. Hawks, Thursday, July 21, from 1 to 4 p. m.
Borough of Lansdale, East Ward, at the public house of J. C. Cottman, Friday, July 22, from 7 to 11:30 a. m.
Borough of Lansdale, East Ward, at the public house of Frank D. Taylor, Friday, July 22, from 1 to 3 p. m.
Township of Montgomery, at the public house of Philip H. Brown, Monday, July 25, from 8:30 to 10 a. m.
Township of Hatfield and Hatfield Borough, at the public house of Chester Knipe, Monday, July 25, from 12:30 to 4:30 p. m.
Township of Towsontown, at the public house of S. C. Bean, Tuesday, July 26, from 9 a. m. to 11 a. m.
Township of Lower Salford, West District, at the public house of Albert Kline, Wednesday, July 27, from 8 to 11 a. m.
Township of Lower Salford, East District, at the public house of A. S. Kline, Wednesday, July 27, from 1 to 3 p. m.
Township of Franconia, West District, at the public house of Henry Frederick, Thursday, July 28, from 8 to 11 a. m.
Township of Franconia, East District, at the public house of Albert W. Gerhart, Thursday, July 28, from 1 to 3 p. m.
Township of Pottsgrove, Lower, at the public house of George E. Yocum, Friday, July 29, from 8 to 10 a. m.
Township of Pottsgrove, Upper, at the public house of Samuel Geiger, Friday, July 29, from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m.
Township of West Pottsgrove, at the public house of Jos. M. Selinger, Friday, July 29, from 2 to 4 p. m.
Borough of Pottstown, Second and Third wards, at the public house of Charles G. Hawks, Monday, August 1, from 8 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.
Borough of Pottstown, Fourth and Fifth wards, at the public house of Harry H. Smith, Monday, August 1, from 1 to 3 p. m.
Borough of Pottstown, Sixth and Seventh wards, at the public house of Maurice Gilbert, Wednesday, August 3, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Borough of Pottstown, Eighth and Tenth wards, at the public house of Jacob H. Brendinger, Thursday, August 4, from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Borough of Pottstown, Ninth Ward, at the public house of J. Barry Potzman, Friday, August 5, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.
Borough of Pottstown, West Ward, at the public house of W. K. Shuler, Monday, August 8, from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Taxes will be received at the County Treasurer's Office, from June 1 to September 15, from 8:30 a. m. to 12 m. and from 1 to 3 p. m.
Correspondence to receive attention must be accompanied by postage for reply and all cases involving property, whether in Township or Borough, must be definitely given. Inquiries relative to taxes received after September 15, will not be answered.
Taxes not paid to the County Treasurer on or before September 15, 1904, will be given into the hands of a collector with a warrant will be added for collection as per Act of Assembly.

GEORGE N. MALSBERGER,
Treasurer of Montgomery County.
County Treasurer's Office, Norristown, Pa.

BLADDER TROUBLE.

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Your Money Back if It Does Not Cure.

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Gentlemen,
I have been troubled with my Kidneys and Bladder for three or four years and doctored with many physicians without obtaining any help.
A few months ago I decided to try Cal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's latest medicine, and am thankful to say I am now practically cured. You have not asked me for a testimonial but I wish to tell you what Cal-cura Solvent has done for me and hope that others may be so happily relieved. Yours truly,
WILLIAM H. MILLER.

If your druggist does not have Cal-cura Solvent, write to the Cal-cura Company, Rondout, N. Y., but ask your druggist first. \$1.00 a bottle. Only one size.

Guarantee: Your druggist will return your money if Cal-cura fails to cure, and The Cal-cura Company will pay the druggist. Remember, Cal-cura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders.

Cal-cura Solvent is sold under the supervision of Mr. J. Sheldon, who has had charge of the best shops in the city.

Diamonds are reset and jewelry of all kinds repaired in the most perfect manner. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Fine Shoes for Women, \$2.00 to \$3.00.

La France for Women, \$3.00.

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Furnishing goods in variety, including straw hats for the men and boys.

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Hats, Soft or Stiff, 50c. to \$2.50. Straw Hats, 25c. to \$1.00.

Men's Pants, 75c. to \$1.00. Men's Suits, \$5.00 to \$12.00.

Boys' Suits, \$1.50 to \$5.00. Suit Cases, \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Trunks, \$2.50 to \$6.50. Suit Cases, \$1.00 to \$5.00.

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Main Street, ROYERSFORD.

Great Remodeling

REDUCED PRICE SALE

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